

# MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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NO. 17.



## JOTTINGS IN A STAGE COACH.

MIND HOW YOU PRUNE.

That very convenient "omnibus gathrum" called a stage coach, or omnibus, brings one in contact, whenever he takes a ride, with various characters. We never yet found ourselves in one of them, among a lot of passengers, but what, if we felt in the mood of getting up a talk, we could learn something valuable; and, as it is the duty of us all, while we jog along through life, to obtain what of truth we can, and also to impart it to others if we have any to spare, we generally improve the opportunity to "hold a talk" some way or other. While riding the other day in Scruton's Dixfield Accommodation, (and by the way, Scruton keeps a good team, and uses every body well whether they deserve it or not,) we fell in with a young man from the goodly town of Fayette, Mr. Fiske, who is engaged in furnishing the manufacturers of shuttles with blocks of apple tree wood suitable for their use. This business has brought him to the examination of the causes of the soundness and decay of the apple tree, and the facts which he has thus ascertained, and which he very freely communicated, are valuable to the farmer. His observations establish the following fact, viz: The principal cause of the decay of apple trees in our section of the State, is the cutting off large limbs. Remember this fact. Few of the orchards among us are over fifty years old. Consequently the age of the trees are not such, especially in the younger orchards, as to enable us to really attribute their decay to old age. Mr. Fiske says, in cutting up the timber he can trace the progress of decay from the stump of the amputated limb, inwards and downwards; growing less and less from that starting point. A large limb is cut off. A large surface is exposed without any protection to the action of the sun and air, and rains and snows. It checks and lets the water in by little and little, and the decay of the wood commences and continues. Even if the tree be vigorous, it will take many years to heal over, if it ever does. Hence he infers that large limbs should not be cut off, unless they become broken, or are dead from some causes that cannot be remedied, and then the surface of the stump should be covered with some preparation or some cement that will defend it from the weather. He also recommends cutting in with a gouge, not the bark, so as to enable the new bark to roll in upon the surface as it grows. By all means cut close and smooth to the body, and not leave a stub sticking out, for such stubs almost always decay.

From his observations, he recommends, in pruning old and neglected orchards, in thinning out the smaller branches; and in training young orchards, so to form the tops, by clipping the small branches, that they shall have a fair proportioned head and not overloaded. He purchased, not long since, a lot of apple trees that were among the oldest in his part of the country, and which, having come into the possession of a farmer who had orcharding enough adjoining, and who wanted the land where they stood for other purposes, were grubbed up by the roots. These trees he found to be uncommonly sound; and, on examination, he found that no large limbs had ever been cut off. The pruning had all been done by thinning out the smaller branches.

We have found that it sometimes becomes absolutely necessary to cut off large limbs, as in case of their being broken by winds, or by ice lodging on them, as is occasionally the case in winter. When the limbs are then amputated, a very good covering for the wound is the composition recommended by our friend and correspondent, D. T., in the last Farmer, viz: tar and brick dust, put on with a brush. For small limbs, Downing recommends common shellac varnish.

Mr. Fiske thinks, when an orchard has been torn hawked in the usual way, its bodies scarified with large wounds and the trunks decaying, it had better be grubbed up and a young orchard set out in its stead. We queried with him whether he was wholly disinterested in this advice, being a purchaser of apple tree timber; but he was strong in the faith that it was the best policy, timber or no timber.

## FLAX CROP.

In old times, every farmer had a flax patch, and every farmer's wife had a flax wheel. The farmer raised the flax and prepared it for the distaff, and the farmer's wife would spin it evenings by the side of the large kitchen fire. The flax was made into linen, in the shape of table cloths and towels and sheets, and the farmer always had a clean dicky of his own raising and manufacture, and the tow was made into frocks, and such like things. Those were happy days. There were no factories nor steamboats nor railroads nor magnetic telegraphs, and yet those were happy days. Why? Because there was a reliance upon industry, a self-dependence and independence, more than pass-lesse, more equality. But let that pass—lest you may think we are about to flax out of the subject, we will just say that many farmers consider flax an exhausting crop. It is somewhat so, but not more so than wheat. It exhausts the soil more of some ingredients than wheat does and not so much of others.

Dr. Hodges, of England, has made some chemical examination of the ingredients of flax, compared with other crops, and he finds

that one hundred parts of the ashes of the following plants, yield as follows:

	Phosphoric acid.	Potash and soda.
Flax,	7	12
Wheat straw,	3	13
Oat straw,	3	29
Bean, (English),	7	55
Red clover,	8	36
Cabbage,	12	32
Potato stalks,	7	44
Turnip tops,	9	34

He found that two tons of flax straw raised upon an acre, took from the soil fifteen and one half pounds of phosphoric acid, and fourteen pounds of potash. From his experiments, he recommended the following compound as manure for an acre.

Muriate of potash,	30 pounds.
Common salt,	100 "
Plaster of Paris,	34 "
Bone dust,	50 "
Epsom salts,	50 "

As most of these ingredients, except the bone dust, are found in kelp, those who live near the sea would make an excellent manure for flax, from it, with common ashes and bone dust.

## CORAL SANDS FOR MANURE.

The Editor of the American Agriculturist, in his number for this month, (April,) suggests the plan of employing the sands of the shores of the Bahamas islands, the Florida keys, and the coral reefs, for manure. For many soils we think such sands would be of great service, inasmuch as they are made up of fragments of shells, coral, sea shells, and such like substances, broken and ground down by the action of the water upon them for thousands of years, (be the same more or less, as the lawyers say.) He thinks it could be brought home, by way of ballast, in vessels that are trading to and from that part of the world. We recollect that Dr. Perrine, who some years ago attempted the introduction of many tropical plants into Florida, and who was killed during the Florida war, by the Indians on Key West, stated in one of his letters, that the sands and even soil of that Key were principally carbonate of lime. No doubt it contains most of the mineral matters which form the shells and corals that are found in the ocean, and would therefore constitute a valuable dressing for many soils and for grass lands that are now destitute of such ingredients. We wish some of our Kennebec ship-masters, who trade in the Gulf and who may take in ballast there, would shovel in a quantity of the article and give us a chance to try it in "these diggings."

## ARTIFICIAL SEASONING.

Whoever visits the Augusta dam, will see one or two brick houses, made with a door but no windows, constructed for the purpose of drying or seasoning lumber speedily, by artificial heat. A saving of time is thus made, and it has been found to be an economical mode. We see, by a foreign publication, that the mode of drying, or seasoning as we Yankees call it, has been recommended to the people by a Mr. Webster. He calls it a new system of drying animal and vegetable substances, by means of rapid currents of hot air passed through chambers in which such substances were enclosed. He had tried it with currents of air heated from one hundred to four hundred and fifty degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, and found it worked advantageously with wood, brick and meat; also to turnips, beets, carrots, and parsnips.

He found that mouldy hay was rendered sweet and dry; also, mouldy wheat, damp and tainted linen, feathers, &c. &c.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AGAIN.

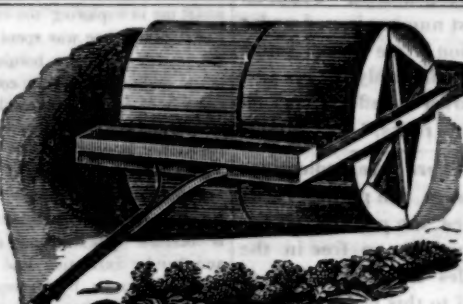
MR. EDITOR:—The grasshopper, undoubtedly, was created in the beginning when everything else was, and probably for some useful purpose. Although we may consider them a nuisance and a trouble that ought to be removed, yet in former times they have been considered a blessing and perhaps a luxury. The ancient Greeks, whose literary taste was very correct, and whose sense of taste possibly might be quite as correct, used them as an article of food; but how they were caught, and how they were prepared for the table, whether in soup, pie or sausage, we are unable to say, and therefore shall leave it to some Greek student to investigate and bring to light. In the meantime we would recommend to all our brother farmers to manufacture all their grasshoppers into good fat turkeys. For this purpose let us commence a sort of secular warfare, and each one acting as recruiting officer, raise and prepare, to bring into the field, a regiment of valiant young turkeys, armed and equipped as nature directs, for minute inspection and general field review—give each regiment in command to old Col. Gobbler, who, with epaulettes on his head and spurs on his heels, will lead them on to victory with as much certainty of success as even old Zack himself. They will undoubtedly fatten upon the spoils of the enemy, and after the summer campaign is ended, they can be disbanded about Thanksgiving time, and being well dressed and washed, will add us very much in our rejoicings. This plan is the more feasible, inasmuch as these insects are, in part, the natural food of the turkey, and from the fact that the turkey is admirably fitted to seize and devour them. There may be objections to using turkeys in this business, but it is the only practicable mode of destroying them that we can think of, unless we imitate the ancient Greeks, which at present we are not quite refined enough to do.

J. M.

Vassalboro', April 10, 1848.

BETTER IN ENGLAND. England pays to Holland, Belgium, and Holstein, about three million five hundred thousand dollars per annum for butter.

GRAIN IN FRANCE. France produces annually 251,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 369,000,000 bushels of inferior grains.



## THE ROLLER.

One very necessary requisite in sowing seeds so that they will germinate and come up quickly, is that they should be fairly enveloped, or placed in such close contact with the particles of the soil that they will imbibe moisture and warmth from them, and also have a nest or medium into which to strike the root. Where the soil is lumpy or baked into small masses as in some clay soils, or where it is too porous and light, it becomes necessary to crush and pulverize in the one case, and to compress in the other. No farm implement is better adapted for this purpose than the roller. Another use of the roller is to smooth the surface of lands where you sow grass seed, and thus ensure an even surface, over which you can mow with ease, and on which you can use the horse-rake with despatch and advantage.

The most simple form of the roller is a large log of wood, made as round or cylindrical as possible, with gudgeons put into the ends, and then placed into a frame, to which is attached a tongue or fills, for oxen or a horse to draw with.

There is one disadvantage in this form: the gudgeons, if of round iron, are apt to work loose and wear away the wood in which they are driven. We have found that small wing gudgeons of cast iron, such as you will find at the furnaces for putting into the shafts of mill wheels, work well for this purpose, and when thus made, and kept housed when not in use, the log roller is durable and useful; vastly more so than some "logrollers," with all sorts of gudgeons, which you see housed in the lobbies where a Legislature or Congress sits.

Another mode is to take a pair of low cart wheels, that are about "used up," and grown too weak for use in a cart; put an axle through, and spike slats across one to the other. Another mode is to make wooden heads, as represented in the cut, put an iron axle through them, and trundle on slats so as to make a cylinder. If the roller is to be eight feet long, it would be better to have it in two sections. You would then need four heads instead of two. The larger the roller, the more space it covers in the tread, and the easier it passes over the surface. A box is oftentimes placed above it, by which it may be loaded, to give more pressure and a seat for the driver—when horses are used this makes it very convenient, and a heavy labourer would do good service when thus mounted, by the additional weight which his corpulence gives to the load. In this way, many a dead weight on society might be converted to a beneficial purpose.

## BOMMER'S METHOD.

MR. HOLMES—I enclose a statement of William Bommer, Esq., of Windsor, of his experiments by Bommer's method of making manure. If you will give it an insertion in your valuable paper, it will doubtless be interesting to many of our agricultural readers, and perhaps induce them to go and do likewise.

E. H.

Bangor, Feb. 26, 1848.

Statement of Mr. LeBallister.

Having been called upon for a statement of my experiments in making manure by Bommer's method, I am happy to say that my success has far exceeded my expectations. I purchased the method last March, and commenced my preparations for trying the process, about the 20th of April. My first heap, of about thirty cords, was composed of turf and very coarse manure, a great proportion being straw. Being so well pleased with my first experiment, I made a second heap, of about forty cords; this heap was composed of five cords of coarse stable manure, the remainder muck and chip manure from my door yard; in about fifteen days it was fit for use. My third heap, of fifteen cords, was composed of dry straw, which decomposed, in sixteen days, sufficiently to use for corn. My three heaps contained about eighty-five cords. The ingredients I had to purchase to make this quantity of manure did not exceed \$5.50, ten cents per cord. I used fifty cords of this manure on ten acres, and planted with corn; it produced me four hundred and fifty bushels of good sound corn.

Wm. LeBallister.

Windsor, Feb. 25, 1848.

HOW TO ENLARGE VEGETABLES. A vast increase of food may be obtained by managing judiciously, and systematically carrying out for a time the principle of increase. Take, for instance, a pea. Plant it in a very rich ground. Allow it to bear the first year, say half a dozen pods only. Remove all others. Save the largest single pea of these. Sow it the next year, and retain of the produce three pods only. Sow the largest one the following year, and retain one pod. Again select the largest, and the next year the sort will by this have trebled its size and weight. Ever afterwards sow the largest seed. By these means you will get peas (or anything else,) of a bulk of which we are at present have no conception.

[Ex. paper.]

CARE OF STOCK. Mr. G. W. B., of New-Castle, N. J., recommends that pigs have a warm place and a clean dry bed. "A pig," says he, "does not love dirt for dirt's sake, and they will thrive much better if kept clean." He further says, "A dirty bed will waste a cow's flesh faster than food will add to it." "Curry cows every day and keep them perfectly clean, for filth and thrift are ever opposed."

## GRAFTING AND PRUNING OLD ORCHARDS.

[The writer of the following has had much experience, and has shown unusual skill, in the successful management of Fruit Trees, and his remarks are recommended to the attention of orchardists.—Ed.]

There are thousands of large apple trees grafted every year, and much loss is often experienced from a lack of knowledge as regards their management. I have thought that the experience of one who has spent much time in grafting and pruning such trees, might be a benefit to those about having the work done. Trees are often mutilated and disfigured by ignorant persons. Some have thought that a few limbs grafted on the top of a large tree was sufficient—the other branches were cut off close to the trunk. Such persons do not consider that the larger the tree, the more fruit the tree will produce. When there are but few limbs left, nature makes an effort to supply that which is lost; they make a vigorous growth of wood, and it is many years before much fruit is borne. The wounds that are made soon begin to decay; cavities are formed, and water accumulates in the trunk, which is taken up and carried into circulation by the sap, often causing death to the tree in a few years. A few such trees as I have described would spoil the beauty of any farm or rural scene, let all other improvements be what they may.

But I shall endeavor to show in as plain a manner as possible, (I do not pretend that it is perfect,) my way of management. In grafting large trees it is necessary to form a round well balanced top; and in order to effect this, the lower limbs should be grafted near their extremities. The next grafts above, nearer the centre of the tree; for young grafts make an upright growth, and if one set is placed directly above and near the lower, they soon grow together; but if placed gradually nearer the centre as you proceed in forming the top, the fruit will all be exposed to the sun and air alike, and all the grafts will have an equal chance to grow.

In trimming newly grafted trees, a fine saw should be used; and in order to create a free growth of wood the trees should be attended to early in the month of March or beginning of April. The limbs should not all be cut off the season after grafting; for if trimmed too much at first, too much sap is forced into the grafts, which are apt to be blown off by the high winds that occur during the summer. When this happens, the trees are nearly ruined, and no skill can restore them. The practice of pruning apple trees in the month of June, may be well enough where the present crop is an object; but it is proper for every one who undertakes such a work, to understand the difference between pruning to create a growth of wood in newly set grafts, and pruning to benefit the fruit which is growing on the tree.

I. HILDETH.

Seneca, N. Y., Feb., 1848.

[Albany Cultivator.]

## CAN A WHISTLE BE MADE OF A PIG'S TAIL?

MR. EDITOR:—I have often looked upon men engaged in their employments, and asked myself the above question. In other words, can a man in his general character and mode of action become, or be made, what he is not? Permit me to sketch the methods in which two men will attempt to accomplish the same piece of work—and as I am writing for an agricultural paper, I will draw my illustrations from some of the most common labors of the farmer.

We will give each man the same outfit, and require him to draw the scattered stone from a piece of ground recently seeded for meadow. The one enters the field without breaking more than two bar-pots, and picks up the first stone he sees, drives at random and picks up at random, until he gets a load, which will probably be at the part of the lot farthest from the entrance. The full load is now to be drawn the entire length of the meadow, fatiguing the team and leaving its deep tracks behind, a memento of the laborer's folly. Thus he procures load after load, until the stone become so scattered that it takes a long time to get a load, and he calls the work done. At hay time the mowman soon finds that there are patches of stone in every part of the field, which this wanderer did not hit; and broken scythes, provoked workmen, loss of hay and loss of time are the result.

The other, with mind intent upon his business, passes at once to the distant part of the field, calculating as he proceeds, how wide a strip of ground will be required to furnish a load. He begins to load at the farther side, and finishes at the bars. Thus he proceeds with his several loads until he has passed over the entire field—accomplishing his work, with the least possible labor for himself and team, and without the least injury to the meadow. When the last belt is passed, the work is done, and the mowman, in his time, may enter his scythe boldly and fearlessly, to the extent of his largest wishes.

If stone are to be drawn for a wall, one would draw the larger ones and leave them in the line of the proposed wall; then drop the smaller ones by the side of them. They are then laid up with the greatest ease. The other would leave his stone so that one half of the smaller ones must be removed to make room for the larger foundation stone, and then rolled over the other half, at much expense of time and labor. There would be at least one-third difference in the expense of laying those two parcels of stone into a good wall. If a load of hay is to be loaded, the one

casts his eye over the heaps, and arranges in his mind the order in which they are to be taken, to secure ease in pitching and avoid unnecessary travel, and the consequent loss of time. The other takes his horse without plan or order, drives upon one—a roll from the next, and the upper hill side of a third—passes and repasses the same ground several times, and finally, finds it necessary to have two or three heaps brought some distance upon the fork. This consumes considerable time—makes the boy that takes after, very cross, and if the man who pitches the hay does not keep his lips firmly closed, some very naughty words are apt to escape. Send these men into the woods to remove a decaying tree of primeval growth. The one, as he approaches the tree, asks himself, in what places can this tree be brought to the ground? In which of these places will it do the least injury to the adjacent trees, and yet be in a situation where it can be loaded and removed without difficulty? These questions are settled almost intuitively. The habit of thinking and planning will enable one to do it with great ease and despatch. Nothing now remains but to perform the labor with all the expedition the muscular strength at command will permit. The other cuts his tree without plan or calculation; lodges it; or breaks down and carries it off; or is obliged to cut two or three or more to get his sled where it can be loaded, even by rolling the log up-hill. After the load is completed, the thought, for the first time, enters his mind that it is to be drawn "out of" the woods, and, consequently, it will be necessary to turn around. In attempting, what would have cost little or no trouble before loading, his sled strikes a firm, young maple, or beautiful white ash, and all is fast. He cuts the first young tree he meets for a lever; lifts, and pries, and whips, and—I hope he does not swear—all to no purpose. The tree must be cut so low that the sled can pass over it. Then, and not till then, can he get away.

I might extend these comparisons to every department in life's busy field. Now, sir, can this thoughtless being—or what is the same thing being—is always thinking of something else, be transformed into a careful, calculating man? Can this uncouth appendage of creation become an instrument, giving sweet, concordant sounds? S. R.

Dwight Place, Feb., 1848.

[Berkshire Agriculturist.]

## DEPTH OF MANURE.

Considerable discussion is going on in the papers, relative to the proper depth to bury manure. Some assert that its best parts descend, and therefore it should be but slightly covered; while others maintain that nearly the whole strength becoming gaseous, rises, and it must therefore be buried deep. All this difference of opinion results from the attempt to make a rule that will apply to all circumstances.

One farmer applies manure to the surface of a newly plowed field late in the spring, and harrows it in. Hot and dry weather follows, and being only partially covered, much of it escapes in vapor and is wasted; the few light rains which occur are insufficient to wash much of the soluble portions into the soil, it never reaches the roots of the crop, and consequently produces little or no effect. Again, he plows it deeply into the soil, and the reverse in every respect takes place. Hence he becomes thoroughly satisfied that manure should always, under all circumstances, be buried deep.

Another farmer applies his manure late in autumn, to the surface. Cold weather prevents fermentation, and the enriching portion which otherwise would escape in vapor, is washed by the abundant rains, in the form of liquid manure, into the soil; and by the usual time of plowing in spring, the surface of the soil for a few inches, is saturated with the most fertilizing parts, the plow turning under the rest. All is thus saved; and the farmer is convinced that surface application is invariably the best.

They "both are right and both are wrong." They should act according to circumstances. Every farmer is aware, by the smell, that but little manure escapes from his yard in winter, but much in summer. Hence in winter and late autumn and early spring, manure may safely lie at or near the surface, and its soluble parts will descend deep enough into the earth. But in a dry soil, and during a warm season, it can scarcely be plowed too deep, for benefiting the roots of plants. Indeed, by a shallow covering, it will be likely to do no good at all, the moisture of the soil being insufficient to dissolve it, and hence the reason that manure in dry seasons sometimes does more harm than good. And hence, too, why a thorough harrowing, to break it fine and mix it with the soil, after it is spread, and before plowing in, is found so useful.

[Albany Cultivator.]

## NOVEL COW-MILKER.

We recently heard, says the *Vt. Voice of Freedom*, of a yearling grunter that took upon himself the very agreeable task of milking a cow belonging to its owner. The scene is laid in a section called "Satan's Kingdom"—in the town of Leicester, and as the authentic report comes, when his grandeur desired to perform his semi-divine tasks, he would advance towards the cow—she complying with the signal for stopping, he would seat himself on his rear parts, elevate the front, and perform the milking in a scientific manner! Is there "no new thing under the sun?"

MULCHING FRUIT TREES. A correspondent of the *Horticulturist*, planted 150 trees in an orchard in very good but rather dry soil. All were planted with equal care, but a third of them were mulched, or the surface of the ground when planted covered with six inches of litter. Those thus treated all lived; but fifteen of those not mulched died in the hot, dry weather of midsummer. It is not stated that the soil was kept clean and mellow around them; which will often save the life of trees, when they would die of neglect.

[Albany Cultivator.]

## THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

[From the West Jerseyman.]

Along the smoothed and slender wires  
The sleepless heralds run,  
Fast as the clear and living rays  
Go streaming from the sun:  
No peals or flashes heard or seen,  
Their wondrous flight is true,  
And yet their words are quickly felt  
As in the breeze of day.  
In cities far away  
Nor summer's heat nor winter's hail  
Can check their rapid course;  
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage,  
The rough waves' sweeping force:  
In the long night of rain and wrath,  
As in the blaze of day,  
They rush with news of woe and we,  
To thousands far away.  
But faster still than tidings borne  
On that electric cord,  
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves  
The Christian's life and Lord;  
Of him who taught in smiles and tears  
With fervent lips to pray,  
Maintains high converse here on earth,  
With bright worlds far away.  
Ay! though no outward wish is breathed,  
Nor outward answer given,  
The sighing of that humble heart  
Is known and felt in Heaven—  
Those long frail wires may bend and break,  
Those wireless heralds stray,  
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne  
Of God, though far away.

## VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

An experiment has been tried at Wood's Sash Factory in Williamsburgh, the object of which was to show that Mr. Simeon Broadmeadow's invention (he has taken out a patent) for extinguishing fires in the hold, cabin, &c., of vessels propelled by steam, is safe, practicable and efficient. A very large tar barrel was filled with highly combustible materials which were set on fire, a number of inch auger holes having been bored in the sides of the barrel near the bottom to allow a free access of air and keep a jet of steam from the engine boiler, under a 16lb. pressure, up through a hole in the bottom of the barrel, and when the top was partly closed the steam instantly extinguished the flames, and would have done so with top off if the steam could have been directed from the top to the ignited materials at the bottom, close to the sides.

Mr. Broadmeadow's plan is to distribute tin tubes through the steamer, any one or more of which may be connected with the vessel's engine, and made to throw a head of steam into any part where there is a fire, or where it is supposed to be, if its actual location cannot be readily ascertained. It seemed to us that to do this, with the hatches closed, would readily extinguish fire. Dr. Chilton was present, and expressed himself well satisfied with the experiment, and on his judgment much reliance can be placed. It was his wish, however, that there should be another trial, with a smaller jet of steam in proportion to the extent of the fire to be put out, and that trial will take place next Tuesday. Mr. Broadmeadow estimates the cost of fitting up a large ocean steamer with an apparatus for the instant dousing out of fires in any part of her, at about \$300.

An English mechanic, from Lancashire, who witnessed the experiment, and admitted its utility, thought he had seen a somewhat similar apparatus in one or more of the factories there for extinguishing fires, and in fact, he had seen one. Whether this be so we know not, but in cases of spontaneous combustion, or where a vessel is set on fire by lightning, steam and water to be an effective remedy. [N. Y. Farmer.]

## KICKING COWS.

MR. EDITOR:—The following is probably the best method for managing kicking cows that has yet been discovered: Tie a small piece of rope around the body of the cow, about the place where the girth of a saddle comes upon a horse. Take a stick the size of your thumb or more, and about eighteen inches long for a twister—let one person turn the twister as you would turn an auger, while another person milks the cow—continue to turn the twister until the cow ceases to kick. The tight girdling makes it difficult for the cow to raise her feet from the floor; and if the twister is very hard it will bring the cow down upon her knees. After two or three tight girdlings you can begin to ease off—first by giving considerable twist and then tie one end of the twister down to the rope with a string. Continue to ease off from time to time as circumstances will permit, so that in a week or two you may have nothing more to do than just to lay the rope over the cow's back, when you are about to milk her.

All this is done without any apparent injury to the cow, or any fretting or scolding on the part of the milker.

I do not, in this case, claim the right of discovery, but I have had the benefit of its operation.

JOHN A. GOULD.

Walpole, March 27, 1848. [Ploughman.]

## A REFUGE FOR KINGS!

At the meeting in behalf of France and Liberty, held at Harbourside, Pa., on Tuesday evening last, M. B. Lowrey, Esq., of Crawford county, suggested the propriety of instructing our Senators and requesting our Representatives in Congress, to procure the passage of a law, granting 80 acres of land to each of the Crowned Heads of Europe, that they might emigrate to the distant West of our country, settle down in quiet, become useful and respected citizens, and under the protection of the Stars and Stripes receive such practical lessons in the science of self-government as would undeceive them all their lives as to the efficacy of royalty.

SALT APPLIED TO ASPARAGUS. Salt should not be applied to asparagus at the time of making the beds; but when the plants are growing—frequently and in small doses.—Water no saltier than that of the ocean is what is recommended. [London Gazette.]

CRAWFISHES ON UPLAND. Mr. Gardner, of Massachusetts, according to a statement in the *Farmers' Cabinet*, raised a full crop of crawfishes last year on upland, while those on their native swamps were killed by frost.

## HYDRAULIC CEMENT.

This valuable article is beginning to be more extensively known and used than formerly, and we are satisfied that it requires only to be universally known to be universally applied to uses hitherto unthought of, even by our most practical builders. A writer in the *Prairie Farmer*, (Jas. Clarke, Esq.) observes:

"I have been manufacturing and using hydraulic cement for a number of years—consequently I feel as though I am capable of throwing a little light on the subject. It is in general use for building cisterns, cellar bottoms, cellar walls, a cheap and durable pipe for conveying water, mill flumes, mill dams, houses, &c. Cement makes a much stronger mortar than quick lime, and will set as hard as a rock in the water. For plastering the exterior of buildings in imitation of stone, and for plastering the inside of houses, it makes a very hard smooth surface, capable of being washed with soap and water without injury, and presenting a smooth unabsorbing basis for paint.

CISTERNS are variously constructed. The best way, however, in my opinion, is to excavate a hole in the ground in the shape of an egg, with the little end down, plastering on the ground, building an arch with brick to form the covering. Cisterns are more frequently covered with large stone or plank, which will answer a very good purpose. Five bushels, or 300 pounds, which would be in a barrel of cement, is sufficient for a cistern containing 30 barrels of water.

CALCULUS BORRORUM. Take spalls of stone or coarse gravel and cover your cellar bottom to the depth of four or five inches; make your mortar into a thin grout; fill your grout full of the grout, and smooth the top of the same with a trowel. This will make an excellent bottom, and is an effectual remedy against rats.

PIRE. Excavate a ditch of sufficient depth, and bed down the mortar made of cement; then take a leather bag four feet long, of the size you require, filled with sand, which you have prepared for the purpose. Lay down the leather bag on the mortar, and build over the same with mortar. In a short time it will set sufficiently, so that you can draw the bag forward, and build over as before. This pipe will soon leak a great pressure of water, and is a cheap and durable pipe.

MILL DAM. Build a wall one and one-half or two feet in thickness, taking spalls of stone or clear gravel; make your mortar into this grout, and mix it well with your gravel. It will be necessary to have a frame of one plank on each side to hold the grout and gravel, until it is set; then make a slope wall on each side, or any other plan to form strength to hold the weight of the water.

There have been a number of houses built on this plan in Ottawa and vicinity the past season, which nothing can surpass for cheapness, durability and beauty. For plastering dairies and forming water courses for milk pans, it is admirably adapted.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE. As a mortar, two parts of coarse, clean, sharp sand, to one part of cement—mix together dry, and temper with water, mix in small quantities, as it hardens quickly. If loamy sand is used, a greater portion of cement is required. River or creek washed sand is the best. When used for plastering cisterns, by plastering on the ground, three coats of one-half inch thickness should be put on, one coat each day, until completed—scoring the first two and using more cement in the last coat, which should be well smoothed. Daily sprinkling with water for ten or twelve days will strengthen the plastering of cisterns; and this should be done before the cistern is filled with water. Care should be taken to procure fresh cement; that which is imported is generally old, and nearly worthless."

## MANURE.

Good farmers know the great gain resulting from applying the manure which is made during the winter to the corn and other spring crops. If left to ferment in the yard through summer, one-half at least of its value is lost to the farmer, &c., and the corn crop receives none of its benefits. But if plowed under in spring, the corn is enriched, the vapor as it escapes is absorbed by the earth, and a double benefit is thus received. But a difficulty occurs where corn fodder is largely fed, which mixing with the manure binds it together so that it cannot be drawn and spread till the stalks have rotted. All this is obviated by cutting the stalks fine in a machine, and more nutriment is obtained from them by the cattle.

Sheep manure is difficult to separate and load, being dry, hard, and crusty in its nature. In order that it may be separated by the fork, take a second-rate axe and chop parallel lines across the heap a foot apart, and cut these again at right angles, which will give blocks, a foot square, which may be easily loaded and drawn.

When manure from its coarseness must necessarily be left to ferment a few weeks or months, much of its value may be saved by mixing it, or merely covering it with plenty of muck, turf, earth, saw-dust, &c., with gypsum, unslacked lime, and other ingredients of good compost. Gypsum is usually regarded as one of the best absorbents of the gases of manure;



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# The Maine Farmer; A Family

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM FRANCE



Arrival of the Duchesse d'Orléans

New York, Thursday, 12 M.  
The packet ship, Duchesse d'Orléans, Capt. Richardson, arrived at this port this morning, having sailed from Havre, March 27. She brings Paris dates to the 26th, and London to the 24th ult.

The most important intelligence is the report that Prussia has declared herself a republic.

Capt. Richardson states that the greatest excitement prevailed in Paris and Havre.

The rich were in apprehension of being killed by the poor.

The military were called out at Havre, on the 26th ult., for the purpose of stopping any outbreak which was feared might take place.

It is said that large failures continued to take place at Paris, and throughout France.

The amount of protested bills in the Bank of France, exceeds 2,700,000 francs.

Admiral Baudin had declined to receive 5000 francs salary as member of the Bureau of Longitude.

M. Sabrier has donated 2000 francs to the Provisional Government.

Large numbers of Germans and Belgians were leaving Paris. Arrests have been made of persons for engaging in the destruction of Railroads.

Serious outbreaks had occurred at Agen, which were suppressed by the National Guard and police. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte has joined the National Guard as a private.

The Provisional Government were adopting measures to elect the commercial crisis.

Four hundred Poles had formed a company to return to Poland.

M. Thiers had declared for a Republic and accepted a nomination for the coming election.

In Galignani's Magazine of March 24th, a telegraphic dispatch is published, dated at Metz, which states that a republic has been proclaimed in Berlin.

The king has been dethroned. His majesty and ministers have been arrested.

The news is confirmed by the Paris Commune of the 25th, which paper says: "This time the fact is official." A telegraphic dispatch addressed to the Provisional Government, and posted at the Bourse, leaves no doubt of the authenticity of the information.

A letter from Berlin states that the Prince of Prussia had left for England. Before his flight the people demanded that he should renounce his right to the throne.

We learn from Berlin that all the Polish prisoners in that city had been set at liberty.

The date of these accounts throws doubt over the news received from Metz of the proclamation of a Republic.

The University Gazette of Prussia, March 23d, states that the king had placed the property of the State, including the military stores, under the protection of the citizens of Berlin.

The report of the Revolution in Poland is confirmed. Political prisoners had been released.

The insurrection is general throughout Lombardy. Also in the Venetian kingdom. Milan is in the hands of the revolutionaries.

A new ministry has been formed in Vienna. Great excitement prevails in Naples. The Jesuits had left for Malta.

The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had requested an audience of Queen Victoria, but Lord Palmerston had evaded the request.

The Emperor of Russia was very much excited and alarmed at the events now going on in France. Great activity prevailed in the War Department. The army reserve was ordered to hold itself in readiness to march to Poland at a moment's notice.

The King of Hanover has granted all the demands of his people.

A letter dated March 21st, says King Louis has abdicated, and the Prince Royal has ascended the throne. The King retires to Sicily.

A Revolution is announced in Genoa, which has detached itself from the Kingdom of Sardinia.

ARRIVAL OF THE SARAH SANDS. EIGHT DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

New York, Friday, 3-12 P. M.  
The steamer Sarah Sands sailed from Liverpool on the 31st inst., thus bringing eight days later from Europe. She was telegraphed at 10-12 A. M., this morning, and her news by telegraph at 10-12 A. M. The only news by telegraph reached this office at about 1 o'clock, P. M.

The Sarah Sands brings the news that the Charlists were almost in revolt in England. The Irish were fighting arms of all kinds, and the Police were fraternizing with the people.

Troops had been sent to suppress the disturbances there. The Charlists were to meet at Nottingham on the 31st inst. They previously proposed to march, 500,000 strong, into London.

The telegraph wires between Liverpool and London were broken when the Sarah Sands left.

France continues quiet, except little disturbances among workmen. All Northern Italy is in full revolt, and all troops have been driven before the people in all directions.

The report of the Prussian Republic is contradicted. The King was still on his throne, and granting concessions. There is every probability of a settlement between Germany and Russia. All is tranquil in Austria.

The Duchy of Schleswig, Denmark has declared its independence. Provisional Government at Kiel.

March 26. Hostilities broke out at Fredericksburg, between Danes and Schleswig Holsteines. The Russian fleet was coming down the Baltic, and cannon were planted at Elsinore, to intercept it, destined to render assistance to the King of Naples.

All lower part of Russia is in revolt. Several arrests were made in Spain of persons charged with seditious movements. The Pope has issued a proclamation exhorting the King of Naples to respect the rights of kings. The King of Naples has refused to do so.

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GERMANY.—LIEPKE, March 24th.—News was last night received from Brunswick, that the Duke of Brunswick had placed his dominions at the disposal of the German Confederation, and declared in favor of the German Empire. Tricolored cockades and flags of black, red, and gold had been distributed to the military. No renewal of disturbances had taken place.

PARIS. Munich letters of the 21st inst. inform us that Bavaria resolves, in not participating in the Congress of Ministers to take place at Dresden. It was feared that the Congress would not be in favor of the nation.

The example of Bavaria, still, as Prussia has again exhorted Austria to send a Minister to Dresden, the question has been submitted to another deliberation.

Five French emissaries were apprehended at the gate of Austerlitz, distributing powder and shot.

BERLIN, March 25. In consequence of the disturbances which have taken place in several parts of Silesia, the Minister of the Interior has issued orders to the effect that persons who, by means or violence, or by other means, attempt to disturb the public order, shall be liable to arrest.

It is said that large failures continued to take place at Paris, and throughout France.

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# Newspaper. Devoted to Agriculture, The

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FLOUR, 1.00  
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RICE, 1.00  
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The Muse.

(From the Lowell Offering.)

THE DENTIST'S ARM-CHAIR.

I fear! I fear! I fear! I shall dare  
To think of that dread arm-chair!  
I've dreaded it long, with fearful cries:  
I've bled with it, and I bled with it;  
Four shocks with a thousand quivers thro' my heart—  
Not one will yield, not a tremor dare  
Would you learn the spell? My jaw was broke there!  
And a horrid place is the dentist's arm-chair.

In childhood's hour, from my teeth I have screamed,  
But of the dentist's power, I never had dreamed.  
My mother, she charmed away my fear,  
With soothing words, and a lock on the ear;  
And said that she'd make me a manly man;  
And she taught me, but what, I cannot declare—  
Though I learned not of her to dread that arm-chair.

I sat, and I trembled it, day after day,  
As my teeth grew black, and began to decay;  
And I almost died, I learned to feel  
The jaw-breaking pain inflicted by steel.  
The rack and the scaffold could have the power  
To equal the torture of that fearful hour,  
When I learned how much my tender could bear,  
As they held me fast in that dread arm-chair.

"Tis past! 'tis past! but I think of it now,  
With a quivering lip, and a throbbing brow;  
It was there I kicked it, and there I cried!  
And my shame was mine, like a leaden tide.  
They said it was folly, and deemed me weak,  
As the scolding doves flew down my cheek;  
But I fear it, I fear it, and never can bear  
The thought of the sight of the dentist's arm-chair.

(From the Philadelphia City Item.)

BEARDS.

On Monday, when the race was young,  
The beard in uniform beauty sprung,  
And nations felt that poets sang,  
Man's great and matchless majesty.

But Monday saw another sight,  
When Fashion had each lockless knight,  
With latter make himself a fright,  
And use the keen-edged cut-throat.

With napskin near his glass arrayed,  
Each man then drew his razor-blade,  
While soap and brush a better made,  
To hide the dreadful shaven shade.

And whiter yet that face should grow,  
When, all the glorious beard laid low,  
His shaven neck and throat should show,  
To hide the dreadful shaven shade.

The razor glides, and there it falls  
Mustache and Imperial—  
The steady beard and whiskers, all  
The victims of its trenchery.

Alas! few continue to be men,  
For every evening gown again  
Is made their manhood's acquaintance.

(From the Columbian Magazine, for April.)

A. T. BLOSSOM.

SKETCHED FROM NATURE.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

Mr. ALEXIS TIMOTHY BLOSSOM, or, as he more sweetly wrote himself, A. T. Blossom, thus concentrating around him by a simple stroke of the pen all the delicious odors of the rose-hills or the flowery vales of Ningpo, and calling up to the lovers of the fragrant herb, charming vistas of that precious shrub, agitated by the slender fingers of Chinese youths and maidens plucking tea blossoms, and those tender green leaves with which pleasures yet in embryo were to be steeped—was a great lover of the tea-plant. Nay, so far did he carry his passionate enthusiasm for her charms, that one gentle summer eve, as reclining upon the dewy grass, watching the playful gambols of a speckled toad through a dense cluster of mullen stalks, his pale, cottony leaves silvered by the moonbeams, he entered into a solemn covenant with himself that no maid, brown or fair, simple or witty, should ever press A. T. Blossom to her heart unless like him she could find

"Tongues in the trees, blossoms in the running brooks,  
Nectar in the stones, and good in everything."

He was ever in a perfect state of rapture with the varied beauties of his mistress; and, what was certainly very much to his credit, he was never decomposed by any aspect she chose to assume.

Now there is a disposition in mankind to find-finding, and there is no subject upon which they are more prone to carp than the weather. Rare indeed is it to meet with a half a dozen persons in the same day who have not some fault to find; some uneasiness to draw, either from the clouds or the sunbeams. "It is too hot," quoth one; "too cool," says another; "how disagreeable!" cries a third. It is either too calm or too windy, too sunny or too cloudy, too damp or too dry, too dusty or too muddy, too much snow or not snow enough, too slippery or too splashy, too unhealthy warm or too unhealthy cool for the season, and so on to the end of the chapter of man's discontent against the all-wise dispensations of our heavenly Father.

Now Mr. Alexis Timothy Blossom was a happy exception. He perfectly doated on all kinds of weather. The intense heat of the dog days delighted him, and while the perspiration oozed from his fingers' ends and trickled down his honest face, there would ooze simultaneously from his heart a stream of gratitude, filling his veins with gladness. "What charming weather for the crops!" Look at the corn—why, you can almost see it grow!" he would exclaim. Equally delighted with the cold of winter. Instead of looking upon nature as "wrapped in her winding sheet"—a funeral thought of many—he viewed her as a fair young bride, decked out in robes of snowy purity and loveliness, and her chaste brow adorned with pearls and diamonds of more than regal splendor. Her voice sounded sweet to his ear, whether heard in the forest or over the glassy plain, and although he might freeze his feet in wandering around her icy caves, or his nose in scenting her pure breath, still he rubbed his hands exultingly and cried, "How beautiful, how glorious!"

More than once did he station himself on some lonely sheathed heath, and there, far from the haunts of men and away from any voice save the voice he most loved to hear, watch the feathery flakes of snow gracefully sweeping around him, now kissing his brow, now melting in tenderness upon his lip, now sportively touching his cheek, until with their incandescent caresses they had so far enwrapped him within their icy arms that but for the blinding aid of some chance traveller A. T. Blossom would have been changed to a snow-mountain of monstrous magnitude, the transformation being rapid in progress.

Did the wind caper like a mad thing through the forest, or rap like a mad thing through the forest, did it bend the grain or uproot the ancient elm, it was all for the best. The fruit left hanging would ripen the sooner, the yellow grain bending so gracefully to the breeze would soon appear to have opened its triumphant, while the fall of the tree had opened a prospect still more beautiful than it gave. Had he planned a party of pleasure, and did the appointed morning usher itself in with storms and tempests—did the rain pour down in torrents, or

thunders shake the sky, A. T. Blossom would bow uncomplainingly to the stroke, and as he watched the dark clouds shrouding the heavens, and heard the rush of the storm, he would again repeat, "How glorious, how beautiful!" And when the dust whirled around him like the sands of the desert, when his mouth was coated and his eyes smarting with its pernicious influence, or, on the contrary, when the foot buried itself to the ankle in the miry path, and the little roadside streams had become rivulets and the rivulets rivers, there was still something to call forth his enthusiasm, some new link to draw him closer to his idol.

Of course, A. T. Blossom flourished only in the country. No one can possibly imagine that such a person could content himself with the parched sickly grass of city parks or the dusty foliage of its trees, a stroll through gas-lighted gardens, or a peep down from the attic into a yard square of green, with its border of gaudy flowers, and canopied with sheets and table-cloths. Oh, no, fine as such sights and sounds, they sickened the soul of our hero with disgust. What were parks compared to the broad green meadow, dotted with sweet clover-top and cowslip! What the stunted foliage and stunted growth of trees rooted amid bricks and stone, to the wide-spreading, luxuriant branches of the lordly oak and graceful elm of nature's domain! What the gas-lit garden compared to those resplendent lamps of Orion hung high in the heavens, and shining down upon the violet and the wild rose, the lily and the daisy! For a peep from the attic to a vision from some gentle eminence, whence forest and meadow, mountain and vale stretched before the eye, with the glorious blue heaven overcanopying all!

My hero, then, lived in the country. A modest little cottage, sheltering itself in a shady nook, was his abode. Green-wooded hills wreathed around it; a gentle stream, prattling of its beauty, danced merrily before the door, and a garden, redolent with sweets, gave pleasure to the eye and fragrance to the air.

Yet beautiful as it was, there were times when, in this solitary dwelling—for what household but a piece of velvet furniture, wound up to a broom-handle or a pot-lid—he longed for some genial spirit who might fill the enthusiasm with which his soul was filled for nature's wonderful and varied beauties.

Long had the rocks and the rills listened to his gentle sighs, or joyous Echo laughed and repeated his words with mutual ecstasy; and the leaves of the forest, too, vibrating with pleasure, had lavished upon them, and the vain birds, clustering in the tree-tops near his window, swelled their little throats and plumed their bright wings to draw forth his plaudits; yet all would not do—there was a void in his breast—he felt "the world was sad, the garden but a wild," unless in the spirit of his love he could find some fair damsel worthy, through her appreciation of nature, to pluck from the pale of celestial A. T. Blossom; and by dint of indulgence this one idea fastened itself upon him, that one bright morning in July he packed within the compass of a carpet-bag three shirts and a dicky, a blouse and white gloves, and bidding the venerable machine jog on, he took a tearful farewell of the valley and "the cottage by the brook," and set forth to find some lovely maiden not too much in love with herself to love nature, nor too much in love with nature to love him.

For one thing he thanked Heaven he turned his back upon his peaceful home; he could avoid the city now, for the Springs of Saratoga and of Lebanon, the Falls of Niagara and the sparkling cascades of Trenton, were thronged with beauty; the woods rang with voices not less musical than the songs of birds, while sportive Undines came dancing down the green hillside to quaff at the bubbling fountain.

That there have been and that there are handsomer men than my hero, I will not pretend to deny. Nature, I am sorry to say, proved herself ungrateful to her adorer. It was not "nature's fairest mould" in which he was cast; but long arms, long legs, a long head and a long nose, wide mouth, wide ears, wide brows, large eyes, large teeth, large hands and large feet, attested her ingratitude. Yet his eyes were a soft dark hazel, beaming with kindness; the expression of his mouth gentle and benevolent; so that on the whole, though an ugly face, it was an honest good face, and when he spoke, the tones of his voice were so soft and pleasant, and his language so simple yet refined, that one loved to listen to him.

Behold him then, such as I have described, setting forth with his carpet-bag that pleasant July morning upon his momentous errand.

How can my pen do justice to his adventures? How shall I recount the many times he thought propitious fate had directed him to the desired object; how many times, when on the verge of offering A. T. Blossom to the acceptance of some fair damsel, did a look or a word inadvertently dropped destroy the fond illusion and convince him no true love for nature dwelt within the fair one's bosom; and how, "more in sorrow than in anger," he had then turned away to seek for a heart more in union with his own?

He reached Niagara; the hotel was crowded, the saloon sparkling with bright eyes and cheerful with sweet voices. But my hero heeded them not. What! speak of love to mortal ears in that most sublime region of nature; whisper of love with the thunders of that mighty cataract sounding in his ears; listen to other voices than the deep-toned music of nature? No; the thought was profanation. Kneeling with reverence upon the deep green sward, his brow damp and his garments saturated with spray, he remained for hours wrapt in awe and wonder at the sublime spectacle. The curling mist, vaulting to the skies as a jet of shattered diamonds; the rapids, leaping and dancing on their course as if rejoicing in their power of destructiveness; the rush and roar of that stupendous fall, wreathing the mighty mass of rocks as a curtain of molten emeralds; and, far down in the peaceful depths below, the rainbow—the bow of love—seeming to whisper, even above the roar of the cataract, that when the strifes and storms of life were over, the arms of our heavenly Father were waiting to encircle us! Thus did it speak to the heart of this true lover of the sublime and beautiful. He left the falls a better man than he came.

One week did our traveller remain at Trenton, and here he came near making the fatal leap—not over the rocks, but into the whirlpool of Cupid. There was here a beautiful lassie, with golden locks and melting blue eyes, whom he compared to the daisy, "star of the mead, sweet daughter of the day," with a voice like the lark and the step of a fawn; who seemed to him the deformed imagination the very ideal of his beloved of a wife. But one morning, following her footsteps to

the falls, he found her standing with a boy of young girls, upon a ledge of rocks covered with the most charming views of the many there offered to the visitor. His heart beat with rapture as he heard her exclaim—

"Oh, how perfectly lovely; how beautiful; look at the shades!"

Unable to repress his delight at finding her thoughts so responsive to his own, he advanced, and with his whole soul beaming from his eyes, said—

"It is, indeed, most lovely; to my eye the view from this point is unsurpassed."

The young lady rolled her pretty eyes at his excited countenance, and then touching the elbow of a laughing girl, she whispered audibly—

"What a quiz! I was admiring the pattern of Fanny's shawl, and he talks about the view!"

Only one day did he give to the belles of Saratoga. There, nature was completely driven from the field, and fashion and folly held full dominion. It was a miniature world, with the sublime and beautiful omitted—Here, servants in livery scrambled for precedence; carriages rolled over the dusty plain; Broadway hither transported its wealth of elegances—the *bijouterie* of Paris, the lace of Brussels, shawls from the vale of Cashmere, fans from the realms of Taou-Kwang, rare handkerchiefs from the looms of Manila. The trees of the grove were outnumbered by belles from the North and South; the sweet chiming of the birds lost in the sound of the violin and piano, and even the very air of heaven breathing of Patchouli, and Lubin's best.

Think you A. T. Blossom could endure this? No. Although the scorching sun of a summer's noon never caused him to droop and languish with its beams, this glare of fashion he could not brook; gladly then he shook the dust from his feet to seek once more the pure breath of the hillside and the valley.

Ennui was beginning to eat its enervating influence over the sojourners at Lebanon Springs; for some days there had been a dearth of novelty; the gentlemen lounged in the piazzas, smoking their segars, and talked over the Mexican warfare; the ladies wandered about the house to the spring, and when the opportune arrival of the stage-coach opened a new chapter of characters to be read, and fresh portraits to be glanced over. Of this number was our hero, who, as he sprang from the stage arrayed in a green coat, with trousers of the same verdant hue, and a vest of spotless white, was at once dubbed "the green coat."

He was suddenly attracted to a girl who had loved the rain-drops, who, like him, was a devotee to the green; and the voice of the dignified lady said—

"Really, Miss Lane, your management with this child is absurd; I tell for her, I'm sure, that she is to leave you—allowing her thus to make acquaintance with every low fellow."

Blossom mentally resolved to secure a seat in the stage and be off next morning. He passed the remainder of the day in rambling around the romantic neighborhood, and did not return to the hotel until the hour for tea. But even during this short period of time a wonderful revolution in his favor had been going on. When he originated, from what quarter it first came, no one could tell; but no one could tell like wild fire it spread throughout the hall, running from room to room, for the reason to the dining hall, the dining hall to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the parlors, and dissipating as so much rotten wood or chaff all prejudice in its progress. Wonderful power of gold! The tall gentleman in green—no longer a "long-legged grapple"—had turned out, upon the recital of Madam Rumor, a millionaire in search of a wife. Henceforth, what a transformation was there; and when Mr. Alexis Timothy Blossom again made his appearance, the gentlemen received him with courteous bows, and the ladies with corresponding affability.

Uninstructed, however, by their blunders, he left the tea-table for another stroll, and soon had the pleasure of seeing his little friend of the morning bounding through the shrubbery to meet him; she was not alone, however; a young lady also, dressed in deep mourning, followed her, though more slowly. With all the artlessness of childhood, acknowledging no set forms of ceremony, Laura now ran back, and taking the young lady by the hand, said—

"Oh, Miss Lane, Miss Lane! this is the gentleman who spoke so kindly to me, and gave me those pretty flowers; won't you thank him for me?"

Miss Lane smiled, and lifting a pair of deep blue eyes to the countenance of my hero, she thanked him in a low, sweet voice for the pleasure he had given her little companion. She was not handsome and she was only a governess; but there was an air of sadness resting on her features, and a pensive languor in those beautiful eyes which went straight to the heart of Blossom. He knew in a moment she was unhappy, and it called forth all his sensibility and kindness.

And now, thanks to the little girl for her artless introduction, and for the caresses she bestowed on both, and her confidential appeals to both, either on the beauty of a flower or the merits of a butterfly, as she tripped gaily before. They were soon conversing, almost with the ease of old acquaintances. Most unwelcome, therefore, probably to both, was the appearance of the dignified lady before mentioned, who, beckoning Miss Lane away with an air of great importance, said—

"Take Miss Lane to her room; you really have no regard for that child's health, to suffer her to be out when the dew is falling." Then, turning to Blossom as the governess and her charge disappeared, she added, but in a manner wholly changed from her former demeanor—

"It is positively quite shocking to my nerves to have that child about me, Mr. A. T. Blossom." "A. T. Blossom," bowed the individual thus favored.

"Mr. Blossom—quite shocking; I am too sensitive—have too much heart. I cannot support the sight of such a poor little friendless orphan."

"Then she is an orphan?" said Blossom. "Yes, poor thing. Her father was killed in Mexico, and after a few months her mother followed him to the grave. It is really too shocking; I can't bear it! She is poor, too, but as I am her only relative, I must do my duty to her."

depths; and, as the clouds rolled from the face of the heavens, so passed the clouds from off the faces of the fair denizens at Columbian Hall. Sunny smiles now quickly chased away the gloom, and while yet too damp for a stroll into the grounds, the piazzas were filled with gay, laughing girls and watchful mothers, with here and there some particularly attentive *cicerone*, although the gentlemen had for the most part forsaken their allegiance, and might be seen gathered in knots about the spring, or perhaps mounting their steeds and dashing down the hill to seek for novelty among the prim Shakers, whose neat dwellings and carefully cultivated grounds arrested the eye far down the valley.

Blossom found himself in the vicinity of a charming group; one young lady, whose flaxen tresses were coquettishly shaded by a simple Quaker cap, particularly drew his attention; not so much for her pretty face as for the animation which marked her tone and manner as she pointed out to an elderly lady a pile of golden purple clouds, which had already attracted the attention of my hero.

"Is it not superb, mamma? Did you ever see anything more magnificent?"

"Oh, very pretty, child; but you will take cold. The air is damp; you had better come with me to the saloon."

"Have you become a devotee to nature, Miss Lane?" said a gentleman, approaching, "that you gaze with such rapture upon the clouds?"

"Dear me, no, Mr. Smith, not I—I was only pointing out to mamma a beautiful cloud for a dress."

Blossom sighed from the bottom of his heart and passed on.

"This is really quite a pretty prospect—quite a Claude—don't you think so, Miss Jones?" said a gentleman to a tall, long-waisted young lady, who affected to be looking at it through her gold-mounted eye-glass.

"Why, yes, so;—rather pretty, but nothing to be compared to the view from our windows at home. You know you live near the junction of the Bowery and Chatham, and we have a most magnificent view of all the carriages passing up and down, and of all the grand processions of soldiers, and the ladies going a-shopping; and really, in the evening, when the lamps are all lighted up, you cannot conceive any thing more sublime."

"Poor Blossom!" when again the face of the little Laura peeped forth from behind her hand to her, and was a girl who had loved the rain-drops, who, like him, was a devotee to the green; and the voice of the dignified lady said—

"Really, Miss Lane, your management with this child is absurd; I tell for her, I'm sure, that she is to leave you—allowing her thus to make acquaintance with every low fellow."

Blossom mentally resolved to secure a seat in the stage and be off next morning. He passed the remainder of the day in rambling around the romantic neighborhood, and did not return to the hotel until the hour for tea. But even during this short period of time a wonderful revolution in his favor had been going on. When he originated, from what quarter it first came, no one could tell; but no one could tell like wild fire it spread throughout the hall, running from room to room, for the reason to the dining hall, the dining hall to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the parlors, and dissipating as so much rotten wood or chaff all prejudice in its progress. Wonderful power of gold! The tall gentleman in green—no longer a "long-legged grapple"—had turned out, upon the recital of Madam Rumor, a millionaire in search of a wife. Henceforth, what a transformation was there; and when Mr. Alexis Timothy Blossom again made his appearance, the gentlemen received him with courteous bows, and the ladies with corresponding affability.

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"Mr. Blossom—quite shocking; I am too sensitive—have too much heart. I cannot support the sight of such a poor little friendless orphan."

"Then she is an orphan?" said Blossom. "Yes, poor thing. Her father was killed in Mexico, and after a few months her mother followed him to the grave. It is really too shocking; I can't bear it! She is poor, too, but as I am her only relative, I must do my duty to her."

"You are very kind, madam," suggested Blossom.

"Yes, too kind, perhaps, for I am now going to place her at a school for indigent orphans, where she may be taught usefulness."

"And the young lady whom I just now saw with her?"

"Young lady! Really, Mr. Blossom, you make strange mistakes. That is only the governess her foolish mother kept in the family out of charity. I believe the father of the girl was a friend of her husband's, and he dying poor, my cousin received his only child into her family, and there she lived for years on charity. To be sure, she has pretended to take charge of Laura, and to assist in the family, but the sooner the child is away from her influence the better. Indeed, I should have parted with her long ago, Mr. Blossom, but she entreated me so piteously to remain with Laura until she could be placed at school, that really my tender, sensitive heart could not refuse."

"Has she no friends?" inquired Blossom. "Not one, to my knowledge. Shocking, is it not?"

Blossom bowed and walked thoughtfully away, pursued by those deep blue eyes which had looked up so sweetly from beneath that cottage straw; and then, as he thought of the poor little orphan Laura, to be consigned by her unfeeling relative to a life of hopeless dependence, his eyes filled with tears, and his great good heart whispered he would save her.

So, of course, A. T. Blossom did not look himself for the stage that night.

Mrs. Athanasia Airy was a disconsolate widow of her teens—it is not necessary to be more minute on that point; with long auburn ringlets; a complexion, carmine and chalk blended; eyes deep-set and languishing; a pretty, round figure, with the air of sixteen, and the maturity of forty. (What have I said?) It was strange that with her suavity of heart, she had so long remained inconsolable for the late Mr. Airy; but to be as it will, she now made a decided walk to A. T. Blossom. She followed in a walk—I might almost say "hopped in a severe" affected moonlight rambles, lower to conceal by standing out during a storm that she devine the obtuse Mr. Blossom, who, slightly lighted in the rain; and to avoid a harm-ankle in endeavoring to get to the door, she

There is no telling what might have happened, for I don't tell the advice to "beware of reading the signs." Blossom looked so benevolently in the face of the fair lady, that he was completely excluded the more languid Miss Lane but once she first met the widow took good care of that—meeting on a meeting was enough, and he fully resolved to include this unprotected also in his purposed kindness to the orphan.

One morning he met little Laura in tears. "Oh, my dear, good, kind Mr. Blossom," she cried, springing towards him, "won't you beg Miss Lane not to leave me? Oh, do—do—"

"Leave you, my dear little girl," said Blossom, catching her up in his long arms; "Miss Lane is going to leave you?"

"Yes, she is—she is, indeed; aunt says so, and she has told her to pack up her things; and so, and so, she is going away to-morrow. My hero was wonderfully agitated.

"Where is Miss Lane, my dear? I must speak with her."

The child hesitated. "She is in her room, but—but I forgot; aunt said she must never speak to you again; so, my good, dear Mr. Blossom, won't you go and ask aunt not to send Miss Lane away? I love her so dearly—dearly, and nobody is kind to me but she—and—"

Little Laura threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh! I knew you would make aunt let her stay, for you know she will do any thing you ask her, because you are going to be married to her!"

"I married to your aunt?" cried Blossom, in amazement.

"Yes—why, aren't you? Dear me, I wish I was old enough to be your little wife."

After some persuasion he at length prevailed on the child to ask Miss Lane if he could be admitted to a short interview, and in a few moments, found himself in the presence of the young girl.

She had evidently been weeping; and though I positively affirm that her eyes were much swollen, and her nose very red in consequence, and her cheeks rose flushed than was becoming; notwithstanding all this, she could not have looked more interesting to this excellent young man. His heart melted at the sight of her distress; he took her hand—it was a small white hand, which lay in his like a pearl in its shell, and kissed it. Yes, kissed it; and—and I never could do justice to a love scene. Suffice it to say, that in an hour or two, or thereabouts, Mr. Alexis Timothy Blossom went forth from that little chamber a proud and happy man. On the stairs he met to fair widow, who, confidingly placing her arm in his, proposed a walk.

"Was just of the point of requesting a few moments private conversation with you," said Blossom, endeavoring to subdue his agitation.

"Private conversation! Oh, certainly," answered Mrs. Airy; "dear me, won't it look strange? But I must comply. Ah, I fear my sensitive heart may lead me into error." Then, leading the way to a retired part of the grounds, she awaited with eager expectancy the visit of A. T. Blossom.

"My dear Mr. Airy, you may have noticed the deep interest I feel for—"

"Oh! my dear, don't—you agitate my nerves."

"Perhaps you have thought it singular in a stranger to presume—"

"Dear me, Mr. Blossom, not at all singular; where 'heart meets heart,' as Pope says—"

"At my first interview I was charmed!"

"Oh!"

"So much artless I never saw before."

"Ah!"

"And after deep consideration I have come to the conclusion that the happiness of my life depends—"

"Ah, my dear Mr. Blossom, were I not strangely prejudiced in your favor, even from the first moment I saw you, my susceptible heart would have yielded to your wishes."

"Then you do consent? Thank you, thank you," cried Blossom, pressing her hand to his lips, "you have made me happy; and then you consent that the dear little Laura shall accompany us home?"

"Laura! Why, yes—if you think best, my sensitive heart cannot refuse you."

"Certainly! I think best; do not damp my enjoyment by a refusal. Henceforth she belongs to me; the school for indigent orphans must no more be thought of, for I feel assured her adopted mother will be but too happy to instruct her, and make her, like herself, good and amiable."

"Oh!" cried the widow, hiding her blushes with her fan in a pretty, affected manner; "you are too good; you place too much value on the guileless heart of a lone, unprotected woman!"

"I should wish," continued Blossom, bowing, "that the ceremony be as private as possible, and therefore, this conversation strictly confidential. This, I presume, will accord with your views?"

"How considerate you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Airy, enthusiastically; in every way consulting my wishes. Ah, high-blow!"

"Then, my dear madam, as I propose the wedding to take place to-morrow morning—"

"To-morrow! Heavens! spare my blushes!—to-morrow!"

"Yes, to-morrow!" and Blossom retreated a step or two, rather startled at the vehemence of the widow; "and you consent that Laura goes with us?"

"Oh yes, dear Blossom."

"Thank you," and once more advancing he touched the hand of the widow respectfully to his lips, but in a bashful forgetfulness he threw herself upon his bosom.

What a situation for A. T. Blossom! Miss Lane was soon after summoned to the apartment of the widow, and told to have all of Laura's things in readiness, for that she was going for the spring the next day, and should take the child with her. Then Mrs. Airy, puffed and laughed, and tossed her head and bit her lips, as if they held a secret which for the world she would not disclose—and—

"Look here, child," she continued, "I want you to adjust the lace on my white satin, and take off my pearls, and be particular that my new slippers are in order; you know one can get nothing new here; and by the way, if you can find any pretty white wild flowers, suitable for a nosegay—suitable for my hair, I wish you would gather them and keep them fresh for me."

No wonder Edith Lane could not account for the strange orders of her mother; the only conclusion she could draw was that Mr. Blossom had confided to her their intended marriage, and that in a spirit of unworldly kindness she wished to grace the ceremony with her presence, "arrayed in all things like unto a bride." But as the widow said nothing further, Edith of course was silent on the subject nearest her heart, and soon after retired to execute the commission entrusted to her.

At an early hour the following morning, arrayed most becomingly in white satin and pearls, her blonde veil confined to her head by a wreath of the lily of the valley, the widow Airy sat before her mirror. And really now she did look most charmingly; you would positively have thought her a bride of five and twenty instead of twice that; hush, hush, no matter, you would not have dreamed it. And now the fair widow smiled at the image her glass reflected, and the image smiled back again upon the fair original; then she drew forth her watch—quarter to nine, and nine o'clock was the hour appointed for the ceremony.

Giving another satisfactory glance at the mirror she rang the bell.

"Send Miss Lane to me." In a few moments, Edith, in a neat travelling dress, entered the room.

"I thought your departure was deferred until to-morrow," said Mrs. Airy, regarding the dress of the governess with some surprise.

Edith blushed and faltered as she answered, "But I thought you knew—it was this morning, Mr. Blossom."

"Oh, is it? Very well; no matter, I cannot allow any thing to disturb me now. Is Laura ready?"

"Yes, madam."

At this moment nine o'clock sounded. Edith blushed and trembled; the widow, too, appeared somewhat agitated, looked in the glass, and then at her watch. Little Laura sprang into the room and whispered something to Edith which caused her to blush still deeper. At length, summoning all her courage, she said—

"Mrs. Airy, it is already past nine, the hour appointed for the ceremony."

"Really, Miss Lane, how came you so well informed of my movements? Ah, my too sensitive heart needs not to be told either that the happy hour has arrived—but of course I await Mr. Blossom."

"Madam!"

There was a gentle rap at the door, and looking absolutely handsome, so beaming with happiness was his countenance, my hero stood in the entrance. The widow made a feint to rise, and then a faint gracefully back; made use of her *vinigrette*, and then timidly extending her hand, said in low, tremulous accents, "Is all ready?"

"The presence of the fair bride alone is wanting," replied Blossom, as placing the arm of Edith within his own, he bowed to the widow and passed from the apartment.

There was no affection now; the widow made no feint to part; and no doubt she would have looked very interesting, only as it unfortunately happened, there was no one to see her, if I may except her pet parrot, which, looking knowingly down upon her through the bars of her cage, chuckled and shook her wings gaily while with mock pathos she continued to repeat "Poor Poll! Poor Poll!"

When at length Mrs. Airy recovered a little, she rushed to the window. A travelling carriage stood at the door; she caught a glimpse of Edith's dress; then the bright, happy face of little Laura, as she leaned forth to say "good bye" to some one; and lastly of the perfect Blossom, as he folded his long legs within the narrow compass of the coach.

"Poor Poll!" screamed the parrot, as the widow burst into tears, "but *waited* them soon!" for she wisely considered there was as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; and other blossoms to pluck than A. T. Blossom; so exchanging her sari for a becoming morning-dress, removing the veil and throwing on a charming little French cap, she was soon chatting in the saloon as gay as ever, dwelling largely upon that good old Blossom marrying poor Miss Lane just out of compassion; or, if she found a telltale adoration stealing over her, she gracefully attributed it to the pain her too sensitive heart had experienced in parting with that "sweet child, Laura," whom dear, good Blossom had stolen from her arms.

And now—can you believe it?—my hero has taken the perilous step of matrimony without so much as once remembering the solemn compact he had entered into with nature. The solemn vow, that no fair lady should ever become Mrs. Blossom unless like him she could fully appreciate her beauties! And yet the deed is done; there he sits, a married man—a fair Blossom by his side,